THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO OUT OF TOWN POINTS, POSTAGE PREPAID:

MORNING EDITION, one year, $5; six months, $2.50; three months, $1.25. Morning and Sunday, one year, $7; six months, $3.50; three months, $1.75. Sunday edition only, one year, $2; six months, $1; three months, 50 cents.

EVENING EDITION, one year, $3; six months, $1.50; three months, 75 cents. Evening and Sunday, one year, $5; six months, $2.50; three months, $1.25. Morning, Evening, and Sunday, one year, $10, six months, $5; three months $2.50.

Any person who cannot buy the Morning, Afternoon, or Sunday Edition of The Times on any news stand in Washington, in suburban towns, on railroad trains, or elsewhere, will confer a favor by notifying the Publisher of The Times, Corner Tenth and D Sts., Washington, D. C.

MR. DE KOVEN'S ENTERPRISE.

Although there has been no great demonstration, Mr. Reginald de Koven and those who have enlisted in his musical enterprise for the establishment of a Washington symphony orchestra may rest assured that the cultured public of the Capital is deeply interested.

At the inception of the movement there were many expressions of approval. The music-lovers of the Capital were delighted and those who have no special knowledge of the art but who appreciate progress were gratified.

It is the wish of every progressive Washingtonian that Mr. de Koven and his associates meet with no stumbling blocks in developing an organization that has long been needed in this community. Music has as much power as it ever had, and, under Mr. de Koven, must wield a wonderful influence for the aesthetic in this centre where culture rules in the stead of commercialism. The progress of the embryonic musical organization will be watched with keenest interest by the people of the city.

A STUDY OF ROBESPIERRE

Few historians have had so difficult a problem as Hilaire Belloc's.

Hilaire Belloc begins his absorbing study of "Robespierre" with this fascinating statement of his problem:

"In presenting the story of Robespierre this must be attempted at the outset as a key to the whole: the picture of himself. A man of insufficient capacity, bent into the narrowest gauge, tenacious of all that statesmen least comprehend, and wholly ignorant even of the elements of their science, became for a brief time the personification of a vast national movement of which he was but barely in sympathy with one single aspect, and that the least inspiring and the least fruitful. How did such a position come to him, and why did it remain even for those few months?

"This same man, singularly ill-fitted to his country, to its traditions and its native humor, to its color, religion, and every essential, fell suddenly from power by no general raising of opinion, by no discovery of discord between himself and those who had worshiped him.

"He fell by a kind of mighty triviality; a small chance of intrigue and conspiracy that yet carried in itself much of the fate of our civilization. How is such a fall to be explained?

"The secret of his eminence and of his extinction lies in himself. The men, the circumstances that surrounded him are well known. The environment of his personality has been fully studied. Every attempt to solve the problem of his career from these data has failed; every such attempt has but resulted in the delineation of a caricature, or in the evocation of mere phantasy.

"The causes of that supreme elevation and that immediate fall do not lie, as they do with the vast majority of such historical accidents, in the pressure of surrounding things; they must be sought from within. The problem cannot be approached from the standpoint of that fierce and open youth which was recasting Europe; the youth from which his concealed activities so strangely differed, and which will always be as clear and plain as the good daylight.

"You can solve it only by standing where his own soul stood, looking out with his own pale eyes to see the bodiless world stretched on one unsupported truth, and feeling in yourself, as you read, that proximity of fixed conviction to organic weakness, which he knew to be his compound, and which determined the whole of his life.'

THE PLAYER FOLK.

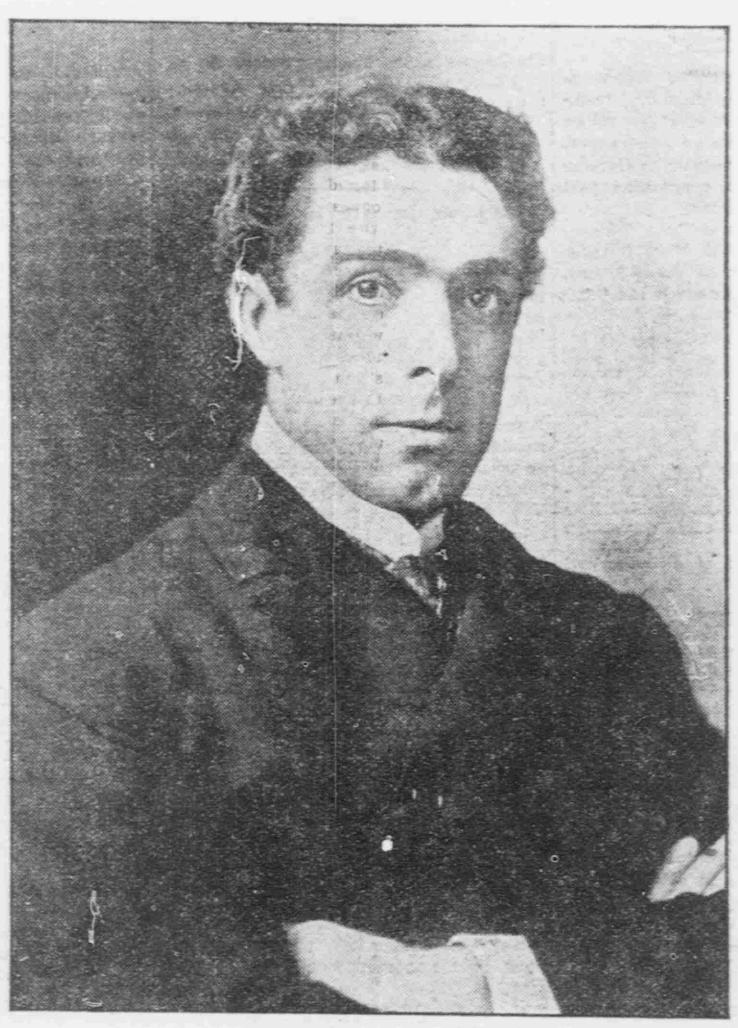
The stage has one most remarkable woman. She is Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, the New York society woman, who almost eclipsed the light of Elsie De Wolf in the latter's starring venture, "The Way of the World."

Mrs. Bloodgood declares that she is not anxious to star, despite the fact that many dramatic critics have raved over her work and heralded her as a newly-found genius. Neither has she any fads, and she does not believe in "careers" for women. She says that no one need be unhappy; that the blues are nothing but a bad form of egotism. She does not state, however, how many of our actors and actresses have the blues. Notwithstanding Mrs. Bloodgood's assertion that she is not anxious to shine as a star in the dramatic profession, Clyde Fitch, it is said, is now writing a play for her, and she will likely be seen next season at the head of her own company.

* * *

It is time for pugilists and baseball players to go way back and retire, so far as the stage is concerned. It is now announced that adipose Paul Dresser, the ballad monger, who writes songs of sentiment, will appear next season as a star in a play written by Edgar Selden, which is based upon the composer's latest song, "Way Down in Indiana."

It is quite the proper thing nowadays to dramatize popular songs along with popular novels and poems, but nothing quite so unique has shown on the dramatic horizon as the sentimental ballad writer starring in a dramatization of his own song. No one should be surprrised presently to see our own John Philip Sousa appearing in a dramatization of "The Invincible Eagle," or some other of his popular marches—or, perhaps, Edward E. Rose's stage version of "The Fifth String."



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM,

Who is Starring in "A Royal Rival," a Don Caesar Play.

* * *

It seems that Clyde Fitch has contracted to write a play for nearly every star on the American stage. It is announced that he has been engaged to write a ply for Ethel Barrymore next season; one for Elsie DeWolf; another for Annie Russell; one for Mrs. Bloodgood, and in addition is to keep a play running continually at the Savoy Theatre, New York.

Mr. Fitch must have a prodigious number of rejected manuscripts stowed away in his old trunk.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

It now develops that the guarantee fund of $10,000 for the maintenance—or rather to make good any deficit that may occur—of the Washington symphony orchestra that Mr. Reginald de Koven has had subscribed, is from one person. Mr. de Koven has not as yet seen fit to announce the name of the generous Washingtonian who wants to make it possible to give as good orchestral concerts in this city as are enjoyed in Boston, Pittsburg, or Brooklyn.

Certainly there is an abundance of available talent here, with the members of the Marine Band, not to mention the numerous other capable musicians of the professional and amateur ranks, and the enthusiasm exhibited at the meeting held at the Columbia Theatre speaks most eloquently for the success of the permanent orchestra. Still, there are a number of other residents of Washington who desire to contribute to the guarantee fund; they do not believe that one person should be called upon to do everything.

Washington enjoys an enviable reputation in the world of music and letters, but in order that the symphony orchestra may be the success it should be, an opportunity will be afforded to all who may want to assist the admirable undertaking to contribute. No more money is really needed, it should be understood. If the concerts are not self-supporting — but Mr. de Koven believes they will be, and there is no real reason why they should not be — additional help will not be absolutely required, still it is asking a good deal for a single individual to bear the brunt of making it possible for Washingtonians to enjoy concerts such as will be given by the symphony orchestra and which will undoubtedly take rank with those of the Boston Symphony organization in point of educational influences.

Mr. de Koven and his unknown subscriber have done much toward making a permanent orchestra possible, but they deserve and should have the assistance of others who have the musical welfare of the Capital at heart.

* * *

A Buffalo paper announces that Cecilia Loftus is to be the leading woman of a Washington theatre for eleven weeks next summer, after which she will return to Henry Irving's company.

HOW PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS MADE STRIKES IMPOSSIBLE

By JAMES M. LYNCH, President International Typographical Union.

FROM its incipiency the International Typographical Union has stood for arbitration as a means of settling differences between employer and employe. The reason why this method of settlement was not made general long ago was not because of opposition by printers, but failure by publishers to recognize its importance. The union has always believed in exhausting every conciliatory method of settling differences before resorting to the radicalism of strikes. We stood for peace when peace could be obtained. When the effort became a lowering of self-respect, a degradation, or an impossibility, we were ready to fight long and strenuously. These necessary conflicts were to be regretted on both sides. They meant privation to the wage-earner and loss to the employer.

By natural evolutionary processes arbitration has come about. The wage-earner was first to see its advantages—possibly because his actual sufferings were more when strikes occurred. His shrinking was due to the knowledge that comes from actual contact with industrial conditions.

The first decisive step toward the desired end was taken last May, when an agreement was entered into between the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, consisting of about 170 newspapers and the Union. By the terms of this agreement both parties pledged themselves to arbitrate all differences arising under existing contracts, either written or verbal.

At the recent meeting, in New York, two amendments to the old agreement were adopted, to take effect May 1, 1902. In the first both parties pledge themselves to the arbitration of all differences concerning scales and hours, not only under existing contracts, but also under those about to be made. This does away with the main objection to the previous contract; one that has been the main cause of industrial disturbances in the printing trade.

The second amendment concerns offices which are union in all mechanical departments under our jurisdiction. In such offices arbitration is to be the final settlement of all differences which cannot be settled locally by conciliatory methods.

The adoption of these two amendments does away forever with strikes among printers, or at least until the compact is ended or broken on one side or the other. It affects women as well as men.

Nearly 5,000 of our 42,000 members are women. We were the first labor organization to stand for equal rights for equal work. The woman printer should receive the same scale of wages a man does if she is able to perform the same labor.

The value of the agreement lies in the fact that it insures stable conditions to both employer and employe. The wage-earner can now work without fear of deprivation and want. Employers rest secure in the knowledge that their business is not to be brought to a standstill in order to force the issue on any question.

THE STORY OF THE HAT

By EDWARD M. KNOX, of New York.

"Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat?"—Rosalind in "As You Like It."

THE first hint of hat wearing in history occurs in the Bible. In the Book of Daniel it is recorded that Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego, at the command of that cruel imperialist, Nebuchadnezzar—who afterward became a beast and went to grass—were thrown into the fiery furnace bound in "their coats, their hosen, and their hats."

A trace of the hat appears among the ancient Greeks. Greek citizens wore caps, the hunters wore a hat with a brim, and the god Hermes is generally figured with a hat. But Greek art, because it addressed itself to the undressed, naturally gave the hat slight consideration. Possibly the phrase "mad as a hatter" originated thus, inasmuch as Greek hatmakers must have been mad because the Greeks bought so few hats.

With the Romans a fold of the toga served the purpose. The free artisans wore a hat called the pileus, and when a slave was freed, one of the legal ceremonies of his manumission was the putting of this pileus on his head. This was the origin of the "liberty cap."

It has been held that St. Clement was the inventor of felt. The fact that the Hatters' Annual Festival for centuries has been held on November 23, St. Clement's Day, shows a general acquiescence in this belief.

In the twelfth century the canons of the church alone were allowed to wear hats. If anybody else ventured to visit church thus arrayed, divine services were suspended till the intruder was ejected. Pope Innocent IV bade all cardinals wear hats of red.

The hat that has held its own is the beaver. It has undergone many mutations and many names, but its general shape, beauty and utility have persisted, unmoved by abuse and ridicule. "Stove-pipe," "cylinder," "plug"—it has triumphed over all its nicknames, and today still holds the fort—or the head. It was first worn by the famous Earl of Essex favorite of Queen Bess. Later Sir Walter Raleigh adopted it, and two centuries afterward Count d'Orsay, the setter of fashion in England, and who, Lord Byron said, was the only thoroughly joyous and genial dandy he ever knew, went down Rotten Row with a hat of almost identical shape with Raleigh's. When King Edward, as Prince of Wales [illegible] hand in the direction of fashion, he set the seal of his approval on [illegible] general shape.

Symbol of devotion [illegible] of lofty rank, the hat was the [illegible] badge of the princes [illegible] Mark of letters, the trencher [illegible] collegian and the ensign of [illegible] ing, it stands for the [illegible] as well as the [illegible] the spirit [illegible] the raising [illegible] citizen [illegible] march of practical progress [illegible] the evolution of the brotherhood [illegible]

The American people make [illegible] the very best hats in the world. Our inventive faculty is very fertile and competition between makers is very keen, but as yet there is no hat trust and little likelihood of such a thing in the near future. May the day soon come when the hatters of the United States shall "hat" the world—surely no unreasonable expectation, since America already heads it.

WHY THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD NOT OWN AND OPERATE THE TELEGRAPHS

By General THOMAS L. JAMES,

President of the Lincoln National Bank, New York, and Former Postmaster General.

I AM distinctly opposed to the Government owning and controlling the telegraphs. It is difficult to see why the United States Government should finance and assume authority over an enterprise which has already been demonstrated by Great Britain's experiments not to be susceptible under governmental control of the best handling, either economic or in the service to the people.

England so far has operated her lines at a loss—a loss which the people must meet in some other form of taxation. The service is almost proverbial for its slowness and lack of mechanical facilities.

It is said she has cheap telegraph tolls. The charge is sixpence or twelve cents for twelve words, including the address and signature. If we take away six words for a full address and signature it leaves a rate of two cents a word for the message, to which there is still to be added the ratio of loss in governmental operation, paid in some form by the people.

Comparing our own country with this, we find that in New York city we may send ten words of actual message and make the address and signature as long as we please for 15 cents. In the State, to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston the same units cost 25 cents, so as a matter of fact in some instances we have cheaper tolls, and practically the same charges for distances as long as their greatest.

The active competition between our two great telegraph companies has been not only of economic advantage to our people, but it has assured them of the highest condition of efficiency. Every new labor-saving and time-saving device is promptly adopted, until we have admittedly today the finest and most expeditious electrical service in the world. The struggle for business supremacy between these organizations may still further lower the rate, when cheapening machinery is discovered.

To turn this service over to the United States Government means, judging from governmental machinery generally, that it will be invested with a ponderous clumsiness, increased cost of transmission from politically made salaries and sinecure positions, and a retardation of mechanical and inventive progress, for the Government is the slowest of institutions to adopt new ideas, new methods and new inventions.

It has been argued that if the United States can handle the mails successfully she should be interested with the telegrams, which are letters by wire. It must be remembered, however, that practical necessity demanded the governmental control of the mails, so as to give that crossroad distribution of mail demanded for the convenience of the people. No commercial organization would contemplate or undertake to put distributing offices at points where they must be run at a loss, as hundreds of our smaller stations are. These losses are, of course, balanced by the profits taken in offices of the more densely populated regions, but to get private corporations to follow business along those lines would necessitate Government supervision at least, and if the Government must meddle at all it might and should properly control the enterprise entirely.

To control the telegraphs means that the Government must purchase the property of the present corporations. There is no doubt that their figures, as was the case in England, will be so far above the actual value as to involve the Government in more or less scandal.

While undoubtedly the companies will gladly sell for their price, there seems no legitimate reason or excuse why the United States should attempt to acquire and shoulder the responsibilities of a service so satisfactory under its present management to the great American public.

CORDELIA AT LEAR'S BED

(To Rev. Dr. Stafford, Shakespearean Student and Interpreter.)

By ETHEL PURVIANCE.

I must but think of thee, dear soul; and tired yet am strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delights—
For love of thee—and in blue heaven's heights—
And in the dearest passage of a song.

Dear father, far beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng
This breast the thought of thee waits hidden yet is bright,
And it must ever always come in sight;
I surely think of thee, the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I need must loose apart—
Must doff my will as raiment laid away—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,
I run, I run; I'm gathered to thy heart.

Boxing an Exercise for Business Men

By Prof. MICHAEL J. DONOVAN, of the N. Y. A. C.

BOXING, long honored as a sport, though at present under the ban of public disapproval through the disreputable methods employed in recent professional exhibitions, is of too great value in promoting the physical welfare of man to be allowed to fall out of favor as an art for private practice. Needless to preach the virtues of bodily exercise, for nowadays nearly everybody is alive to the important part it plays in maintaining the equilibrum of health. Indeed, there are few intelligent people today who neglect the more or less regular pursuance of some form of muscular activity.

Boxing, though not without numerous enthusiastic devotees, should in my opinion, be encouraged among all classes, particularly in the great army struggling down in the city, toiling in crowded offices all day long and cooped up in stifling cars for the greater part of an hour during the journey home. Exercise, to be supremely beneficial, should at the start engage one's interest. This prime feature boxing has to a greater degree than any other sport I know of, for with the first lesson the fun begins; nor does it stop there, but in learning the proper execution of leads, parries, guards and swings the interest is maintained up to and beyond the point of acknowledged proficiency, until it becomes a positive delight to look forward to a daily test with one of equal or slightly superior skill.

One great advantage sparring holds over other forms of exercise lies in the fact that it implies something in the nature of an amicable contest, wherein the participant sees immediately the results of his efforts, and no matter how languidly the desk-tired business man drags himself out of the office, the encouragement derived from an effectively landed blow or a clever block prompts him to further effort, and in a few minutes a jaded office man is transformed into a lively being full of vim and vigor.

And where can the business man find greater or more complete recreation after a hard day's work than in a bout with the gloves? Leaving his desk brain-weary and physically depressed, through the monotony of sedentary employment, he goes directly to the boxing room, strips off the uncomfortable clothes he has been obliged to wear for hours at a stretch, dons the lightest garments and a pair of well-padded gloves and commences at once a series of easy and agile movements, causing the muscles to dance, the blood to jump, the lungs to play.

As boxing demands and develops the employment of a quick eye and rapid thought, he soon finds his brain thoroughly cleared of figures and facts and entangled calculations, and his whole being seems delightfully wide awake. After a shower and a rub he is a new man—no stooping shoulders, no lagging steps but bright-eyed, erect in carriage, and, greatest boon of all, in a good humor, ready for a dinner, which in the healthy state of his body will easily do the work of repair that food is intended to do, making him hearty and happy, capable of greater effort with better results, and leaving him with good words and good cheer for every one with whom he comes in contact.

AN EDITOR AT WORK

Why so many authors fail of success.

In "Harper's Magazine" for March, Mr. Alden tells of the editor's duties, and why so many fail of success.

"Office hours are barely sufficient for other work than reading," he says, "and are subject to constant interruptions—not the least pleasant of which are occasioned by the visits of new writers who wish to be seen as well as heard, and whom also it is delightful to see as well as to hear. Therefore some hours of the editor's evenings are given to the reading of manuscripts offered for publication.

"These evenings with authors vary in the amount of interest and satisfaction they yield to the editor. Often out of fifty manuscripts not a single one is available for use, however interesting in other respects some of them may be. There is the fairly well written essay or story utterly devoid of human interest. There is the travel sketch, which would be good if it had any novelty, or the character sketch, equally trite, and, it may be, disguised by outlandish dialect. There is the story, elaborately manufactured with ingenious skill, but without a breath of genius or a single trace of the story-teller's native art; another story that has good points, but no concentration of interest; and still another, written to enforce a moral, overstrained for the effect in view and unnatural. This overstrain is apparent in another kind of story, a subjective drama, with no clear motif, and lacking both temper and temperament.

And here is a story that will go back to the author with a kind note, because it shows genius, though defective in structure and execution. Some essays are offered, but the views presented in most of them are obvious, and there is no intellectual satisfaction in their style.

"Often it seems to the editor that if the contributor did not try so hard he would do a better thing. First, as to his theme, he seeks something out of the way rather than the thing at hand, which has been taken to heart, and is, therefore, likely to be interesting. Then, as to manner, he strives to be unusual and commits himself to affections. We have here in view writers who have possibilities as distinguished from those who write wholly at random, taking nothing to heart, 'trying their hand' at literature with no equipment and no sense of things. Many young writers are misled by something they call realism, by which they understand the naked presentment of the commonplace without feeling and without that creative art which transforms whatever it touches."

AN ANECDOTE OF THE POPE

How Peter Donahue got His Holiness' skullcap.

His Holiness naturally writes very little himself; and indeed is one of the hardest beings in the world to get an autograph from. One of the most attached and devoted servants he has in his household is an American, who holds a position in the famous guard. Peter Donahue was anxious to get something which would always remind him of the Pope; and he asked for two things during one of the periods when he was on duty at the Vatican. One was one of the little white skullcaps which His Holiness wears, and the other was an autograph. The Pope, who is very affable and quite without airs with those who are in his immediate entourage, refused to give the skullcap—perhaps there was some reason of etiquette against it in the iron code of papal ceremony—but he held down his head playfully one day and allowed Donahue to snatch the skullcap. The autograph was obtained by making out a check in the Pope's own name so that it required the Pope's endorsement to be cashed. The autograph was very small, very round, very regular—not unlike the autograph of Thackeray.

We'll Tide O'er the Winter.

I.

We'll tide o'er the winter, believers, and reap every flower o' the spring;
We'll pass to the meadows of Morning, and high on the hilltops we'll sing!
What care we for snows that are drifting the desolate valleys along?
The mists from the Morning are lifting, and the flash o' the sun is a song!

II.

We'll tide o'er the winter, believers—wild ways with their grief and their gloom;
We'll enter the gardens of glory and breathe every breath o' the bloom!
What care we for storms that are blowing? Joy comes with the light in his eyes;
The harvest but waits for the sowing, and the light—Oh, the light's in the skies!

—Frank L. Stanton.

The Same Old Trouble.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, this of carying his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."—Literary Digest.

The Little Children in Japan.

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude.
"O noble dear Mamma," they say,
"We trust we don't intrude,"
Instead of rushing in to where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
A-walking on the street;
And wooden stilts for over-shoes
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind.

—Caroline MacCormack, in Harper's.

Where "Paradise Lost" Was Written

Of Milton's ten London residences, not one is left, though several have stood within living memory. The most notable was in Artillery Walk, now Bunhill Row, and its site has just been marked by a suitable tablet fixed in the front of a factory. It was in this house that Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes."

AN OBLIGING SAMOAN CHIEF.

A young lady who had lived several years in Samoa was able to make herself understood by talking Samoan to the natives of the southern Philippines when she visited those islands with a party of American officials some months ago. The chief whom she addressed threw up his hands in surprise. "What," said he, "does the white maiden talk our language?" He was evidently overjoyed and promptly asked her the Samoan equivalent for "what he could do for her." She told him in her sweetest Samoan how much she admired the bead work on their garments and how much she would like to buy a piece of it to take back to her own country and show her countrymen how skillful and artistic these particular Filipinos were. "No," said the chief, with a lordly wave of the hand. "You shall not buy. You shall take as a gift." Whereupon he quickly removed his trousers and handed them over with the unblushing grace of a child of nature. The young lady hastily resumed her English tongue and the other ladies of the party confined their further importunities to women of the tribe.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PRINCE HENRY IN KOREA

How he puzzled and astonished the Asiatics.

James S. Gale says in "The Outlook:"

In 1889 word passed round the Far East that the German Emperor's brother, Prince Henry, was coming. Great were the preparations made in view of this. Korea put on her best coat and spectacles, and lined up in Chemulpo to receive him in a way befitting kings. He landed from his launch, jumped ashore, tipped his hat, stepped up to the horse waiting for him, tried the saddle, and finding the girth slack, lifted the flap, tightened it, mounted, and rode off like an officer of the German army. The high lord executioners of Korea, who had expected some one in robes like the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury, seeing him in ordinary dress, were simply stunned. They gathered up their traps, spittoons, fans, umbrellas, hairpins, and what-not, and made a frantic effort to follow. The rate at which Prince Henry rode, and the lack of ceremony that attended all his movements, gave the minister of the household such a shaking up that to this day he says, "Under heaven and among men I never saw the like of it."

His Majesty the Emperor met this tall, sun-tanned, blue-eyed Westerner with speechless amazement. This was Prince Henry, brother of the German Emperor, with calloused hand and muscle hard as iron. "See how tanned and brown he is!" whispered the Emperor to the Crown Prince, poking him under the fifth rib, and they fastened their eyes upon him in wonder, amazed to think of one so democratic sitting high up among princes.

During the many days that his ship hung at anchor he was frequently seen, followed by his little dachshund, stick in hand, climbing the hills, or coming back mud-bespattered before the wondering eye of King and coolie. "They are watching you, sir," was a remark made to him, "and they are trying to reconcile your freedom with the greatness of the German Empire." "What this country needs," said Prince Henry, "is to be shaken bodily out of itself and started afresh on other lines."